TWO YOUNG MILLINERS,

And a man with no head at all could do that, But, indeed, when a man applies for enlistment, the recruiting officers do not go very deep into his mental development. They find out if he mas gift. can walk, ride, fight and run, but they never say to him: "Can you think?" If they did the back upon Armstrong. commissioned side might have a higher opinion

But the ranks do think. Sometimes the thoughts are pleasant enough: that is, when a good man is detailed as cook-and you sit on the clear side of the fire-and camp is snugly pitched, and you are just tired enough with the day's march to enjoy resting. And again, we think pretty hard things of the world and our superior officers; that's when cookee is under guard, and the captain has detailed the first man on the roster in his place, or the wind blows all ways at once, and the smoke gets in your eyes, and the whirling alkali dust down ur throat, and the coffee is thick with ashes, er a mean piece of work is cut out for us and we can't see what for. That was the case when we got orders to murch to Howard's Spring and there take camp. The distance was about 150 miles, and for iwe-thirds of the way there was nas was drawing near and the captain had given orders that the company would dine at his expense. We old soldiers knew what that meant oysters, turkey, granberry sauce, bak-"Well, you see what I've come to ers' pies, cigars. But nothing would do save that we get right out of garrison and pound the some moments the two faced each other in road to Howard's Spring—the most inaccessible silence. Then Armstrong put out his hand, of places, the forlornest locality, the jumping-off place of Christendom; civilization stopped short hundreds of miles east of there.

Armstrong looked out of the window and saw

the captain crossing the parade. "Hi! here comes old Twobars." said he, and shoved the ayout under a bunk, for we were playing Mexican monte, which was against orders. The captain believed in both military and moral man. He tried to do the square thing by us and we didn't want to hart his feelings by letting him eatch us in the act. So somebody dropped a blanket over the edge of the bunk. careless like, and we picked up books and lounged about ready to spring to attention. But he went past the barrack door to the first sergeant's room, and the first sergeant was

'Sergeant," said he, short and snappy, and looking in the humor to kill a dozen greasers.

Sergeant, detail ten men and a non-commission of the first came among us he picked up the drill so fast that it was rumored he was a deserter from some other regiment, but when the district came among us he picked up the drill so fast that it was rumored he was a deserter from some other regiment. ned officer to take camp at Howard's Spring. Ration 'em for a month and start 'em out toorrow. Forty rounds per man." He turned to go, but came back and added:

"If any of the men want to go let them. I hate to send them out whether or no, for it's a dirty piece of business, and why that measly old water hole should be guarded this time of

He slammed the door on his sentence, cutting it short off, and stalked back across the parade. The first sergeant came in and told us.

Then we knew there had been a row between he colonel and Twobars about the matter. His Ours was admittedly the crack company of the garrison, and it was so in the teeth of the colonel; for Capt. Twobars had ideas about soldiers and soldiers and soldiers and soldiers and soldiers and soldiers are the colonel scoffed at.

One of these was the colonel scoffed at.

Language about his constant change.

"Oh, Armstrong!" called one of the men, pointing toward the pool. Armstrong looked around quickly and saw the boy following him. black look and his cranky gait were explained. the less a man and entitled to man's consideration and respect. Twobars carried out his idea as far as the colonel would let him, and there was generally at open misunderstanding between them as to how far that should be. The colonel was an aggressive martinet, and would not hesitate to pull his rank on a subordinate when "How that would strengthen his position. And the captain was one of those quiet men who fight never from choice, but always from a sense of duty. He never yielded an inch and in time

Came out a winner or even.

We were satisfied that this was the colonel's work. Our company was not next on the roster for field service, and this was an extra slice of work anyway. We thought it an im-position, and grew as black over it as Twobars himself. Hakkerson, after swearing a while to clear his throat, said it was done to break up our Christmas dinner, and it did look that way. The colonel did not approve of extras, the regular ration was good enough for enlisted men. But how should be know anything about it? That was what puzzled us all, till Arm-strong, who had been studying Gutter's face. pitched a cartridge box at him and shouted:
"Own up, Dutchy. You did it!"

Gutter was a recruit; that is, he had not com-pleted his first year of service, and he was one who had slipped into the army because no examination of the head was prescribed. He was a bovieh, smooth-cheeked German, and was in love with the colonel's kitchen girl. So when Armstrong shouted at him he blushed guiltily, and said he had told her of it because it was something that seemed pleasant to him "There's the grapevine telegraph again, boys,"
said Armstrong. "It runs from the barracks'
to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the parlor,
and then to the colonel's private ear. He gets
official messages over it. Take warning, Gutter, he continued, "and don't tell all you know, not even to the girl you love. You'll rue

Who's to go, sergeant?" said Hakkerson. "Anybody that wants to. I haven't made the detail yet; but it's volunteers or victims.

Who'll go now?"

Armstrong got up and yawned. "Til go, for one," said he. "I don't care much for Christmas, anyway, and would as soon have it one place as another." He looked meaningly at Gutter, and the little German said he would go. This was a severe penance, for Gutter did love a good dinner. Armstrong warned him not to speak of the volunteering, for that would start the colonel on the warneth again. Habbarron the colonel on the warpath again. Hakkerson the colone on the empetiminary way, and also swore some more in a preliminary way, and also volunteered. He believed that a man could not be a good soldier without grumbling and cursing at duty; but he performed all the duty that came to him, and some that he went out of his way to find. And the rest of the squad was

regularly detailed.
I should not want to say at length how we made that march—it might get into print, and the popular, heroic idea of the army might be partly shattered thereby. It will be enough to say that we made it as comfortably as we could. There was no commissioned officer to enforce rigid discipline. We hunted some along the rigid discipline. We hunted some along the road, for deer and antelope were plenty, and wild turkeys roosted in the tall pecan trees by the river and quail and rabbits were all about had a wagon with water kegs, so we got over the dry stage without difficulty. We were in the wild plains country, but we looked for no Indians and saw none; if we had we would have been the intruders, not they. Every dusty brown mile took as farther from men's habitations, farther from wagon roads, farther from beaten trails—oh, it was a wild goose chase we were on, so far as any material l appeared. But I suppose it was good disci-pline and hope weexplated many sins, vicarious

convenience, passing rapidly over the dry, bleak places and lingering in sheltered, grassy intervals—so that it was Christmas day when we came through the last narrows of the canon a mile ahead of us. It shone in the sun so deceptively that Gutter was confident it was the shated roof of a house and that the comfortable building itself would be found behind a rise of ground. In his tender inexperience Gutter had made many absurd mistakes during the march, but none that appeared to us older soldiers so laughable as this a stated roof, a civilized house, when we were the only men within a large circle. Then we marched up to the spring, and there stood a man holding a rifle across his arm and watching us, and by his side a liftle boy.

The sergeant came out of the tent and spoke to him cordially. "Stay and have supper with a mile ahead of us. It shone in the sun so de-

ould. And when our sergeant went for-

stack we had made. "I'll stay," said he.

scathed.

humor had given way. He smiled as gently as a woman might, with both eyes and lips; and

yet he was a man whom one would say had nothing of the woman about him. And as I looked at him, so tender toward the boy, so winningly pleasant to the man, I wondered at the mingling of discordant elements in his

primarily for the soldier's blouse he wore so gayly defiant. • • And how afterward

unharmed, he bore his clinking treasure out to

mitted murder for a less stake—had done so, many of them. And how, once outside, he had flung the whole, by handfuls, broadly into the air, and as it rattled down among the crowd had shouted: "Scramble for

it! I've had the fun! You can have the

None of us saw that affair. The little negro

daunted the mob. And the contrast forced it-

do sometimes drop into the ranks of the blue.

Long after we had turned in for the night-

it was warm and clear, and we slept with the

tent wall raised-I awoke, and looking out saw

Armstrong walking in the starlight. It was a night to remember. • • Not a breath of

lighted by the rays refracted through it from

shadow-that of the man, the strange recluse,

as heavily as any sleeper. s We, marching out along alkali roads, over

wind-swept plains, had been unwilling instru-ments; but the work we did was such as soldiers

seldom have a chance to do. It was Christmas work—something for the cross. For the man

and the boy came back with us from the wilder-ness and an old trouble was healed on Christ-

mas day, and life was made more worth the liv-

ing, and living well, to two men.—Geo. I. Put-nam in Scribner's Magazine.

HOW HE BORE PAIN.

The Newsboy Had a Good Nerve, While

the Fireman Hadn't.

Late one evening a man was seated in the re-

young surgeon who had charge of the room,

the courage shown by young folks as compared

"It's all bosh, said the visitor, "about

child's standing pain better than a man. Why,

"Hulio!" said the surgeon. "What's this?"

The visitor turned and saw two barefooted

urchins, one about eight and the other perhaps

a year younger. The elder came in carrying

his companion, whom he carefully laid on the

"Yep!"
The doctor had washed the blood from the

foot and disclosed a deep ragged cut about three inches long. He carefully washed and

dressed it and was about to thread his needle

to take a few needed stitches, when the patient

"Yes, my little man; it can't heal without it."

He lay back and after one half-suppress

groan, the tears which trickled down his cheeks

alone told the story of the pain. The sole of

dent impatience for his turn to arrive. The

sewing finished, the foot was bandaged and the

"How far have you to go?" asked the doctor.

It was full a half mile to Oliver street, but

The patrolman was a magnificent specimen

Well, you see, I was hitchin' up the hosses and they started and threw me down. I fell on

the youth took up his burden cheerfully.
"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" said the

of physical manhood, tall, broad and muscular.

had hardly begun when his wrist was seized in

Again he tried, and again he was prevented.

"I know that, but I can't stand it," he began.

The Curiosity Slaker.

"How do you think I can fix your hand when you won't let me find out what's the matter

a grip like iron.
"Hold on there, doc, that hurts!"

"And you carried him all the way

spoke for the first time.
"Are you goin' to sew it, doc?"

young Styrax took up his burden.

"Over to Oliver street."

surgeon to the man.

merely sprained.

stranger)-"Say, I wanter k box. See? I wanter know."

'Oh-h-h-h!'

From the New York Tribune.

with that of adults

"It's me."

it stands to reason-"

those infinite, brilliant points set in a sky

tion he was, or had been, a gentleman

Then walked to the post, alone, un-

we drove past with the wagon to a good bit of camping ground. And as the men on foot strode past singly, Armstrong looked at the boy, smiled, and said:

"Hello, kid! Merry Christmas!" and he drew him that night with evil eyes would have com-

The man quickly came between the pair, and taking the cartridges from the boy, forced them

"Don't give him them," said he. "Do you "They're no good," said Armstrong, "They wouldn't hurt him. Then he and the man stood looking at each other for a little, till it seemed that they might have cried out "I know you!" For the look on Armstrong's face passed from anger at the interference into doubting surprise, and then into a depth of tenderness, as it did sometimes when he on the barrack porch looking back beyond the horizon and the evening sun shone on him. And he said, softly:

"Where is his mother?" "That's none of your-"

The man stopped by an effort and visibly rembled. Then, hoarsely: "Don't, for God's sake, talk to him about church nonsense! don't know Christmas nor Sunday; he only knows night and day, and he's happy!"
Then they talked together a little time, the sergeant and all the rest having gone on to establish the camp. Armstrong put questions and the man replied, sometimes with a gesture

Well, you see what I've come to." "Yee, and look at me," said Armstrong. For some moments the two faced each other in

saving: "It's been hard enough on both of us; now we've come to this! He seemed to choke in his utterance as he recognized and admitted the fact that whatever it was fate had denied him for the sake of this other the gift had not brought happiness with it. The other grasped this hand, and for a moment they stood thus; then Armstrong came over toward the camping spot, as nonchalant, as carelessly active, as ever, whistling a gay air as he came. It was but an discipline, so he gave us books and papers read and forbid gaming. But there were so many of us who didn't know the alphabet and did know the spots on the cards that his did know the spots on the cards that his done. It prevented our questioning him. Though a good comrade he had definite limits o his intimacies.

Armstrong was strangely different from the run of enlisted men. He had education; he thought. But he did not make a parade of his learning before the poor devils who could only put a finger to the pen while some one else made the mark. Armstrong wrote a good hand and might have been headquarters clerk if he would. We didn't know anything about him; he never talked of his past, as men ordinarily do. When he first came among us he picked up the drill so some other regiment; but when the first sergeant hinted as much to Twobars he was and the conversation turned to the subject of nubbed for his pains.

Another thing: It was pretty well understood that "Armstrong" was but an assumed namehalf the time he seemed not to recognize the name when spoken to. But that was nothing against him in a community where the majority of men had had so many names that they auswered to any at randon. And he chummed in with all, was pleasant, self-reliant, never did a mean trick, and we all liked him. He gambled and drank-too much, probably, but he seemed to do so not for the money's sake or for the but from restlessness of spirit. He

Laughing aloud, he caught the boy up in his arms and then put him down carefully. He sat park here on your back?". down on the ground and began to talk to the

youngster.

"How old are you?" said he.

The boy made no reply, but looked at him with an untaught child's fearless interest in a

"How long have you been here?" said Arm-

strong.
"Six times," said the boy. "Times what?"

"It's come hot weather six times," said the

"And what have you done in all that time?" "Nothing. Dad hunts. Sometimes I go with him. I had a fawn, but it ran away."

The boy had absolutely no fear of his new needle to pierce and the pain of the operation

acquaintance. We all noticed it, and Hakker-son grunted out gently:

"Did you ever see anything like the way chil"Did you ever see anything like the way children and dogs take to him?" When in garrison Armstrong was usually followed by a troop of abandoned curs who found in him their only

But Armstrong's gentle eye fell upon the boy with a pitying glance.
"You stay here alone! You go hunting! Why, you are not much over six years old at the best!"

Then he sat silent, not seeing anything, with his hand on the boy's head, till the little fellow stirred uneasily. Then he recovered and said, as though hungry for a familiar word: "Tell me, what is your name?"

But the boy replied: What did you call me?"

Armstrong gathered himself from his dreamy state. "I called you-what? Why, 'kid,' wasn't

"After that. The next you said?" "I don't remember—nothing, I guess. Only, I said, 'Merry Christmas." "That's it. It ain't my name, you know. It sounded queer. What is it?"
Then it was that Armstrong perceived a duty.

not of a military nature, develoving upon him. But he was not the man to shrink from any duty. We all knew that, and we all knew our unworthiness to hear what he would say. Perhaps Hakkerson felt this the most keenly of any, for he started first, and, with commendaole thoughtfulness, pulled Gutter, who was staring round-eyed and omitted to swear at all. Armstrong, left alone with the boy, put his arm about him and looked into his eyes. "My boy," said he, "don't you know what Merry Christmas means?"

The boy shook his head. "Did you never hear of Christ?"
The boy nodded. "I hear dad say it when

Armstrong got up quickly and walked a few paces back and forth. "I'm not the worst of men, but I'm a bad sample. I never knew much of this, and what I did know I've tried to forget. And now that this should come to me to be done—her child—but I'll do what I can and God help me!" He had raised his hand as though taking an oath.

though taking an oath.

Then he sat down again and we saw that he took off his battered old hat. And he spoke, but in a voice so low, so tender, that none but the boy could hear. And the sight softened all Christmas recollections were crowding upon each of us—and we ceased to dwell grumblingly upon the comforts we had left behind at the post. We became good comrades again and warmed toward each other, so that Gutter took a needle and thread to Hakkerson's torn blouse and Hakkerson showed Gutter how to heal a blistered foot overnight, and the sergeant's com-mands were more like requests and the cook put extra coffee in the pot, and the teamster did not kick his mules to make them stand around. And from time to time glances were around. And from time to time glances were shot at the place where a common soldier, as rough as any, sat telling in a feeble way a love story as old as Christianity to a little child. It was upon this scene that the sinking sun cast its level rays. And the father of the child, coming up from the west, threw his long, black shadow across the camp. It fell short of that absorbed vair.

a little boy.

By "man" I mean a white man, an American.

If I had meant an Indian or a greaser I would have said so. But here was a white man, and apparently not overjoyed to see us, which was strange. Plains people are generally glad to strange. Plains people are generally glad to to see a human face, even a soldier's. It is some one to talk to, some one to listen to. some one

boy and Armstrong. They had not moved, except that the boy nodded his head in answer to something Armstrong said. But while he looked Armstrong arose and came toward the camp leading the boy by the hand. And his face lighted up in the sun's last rays with a look that made us think of the little prayer the chaplain makes at the end—"The peace that

chaplain makes at the end—"The peace that passeth all understanding"—you know how it goes. Some made an involuntary motion to remove their hats.

The man turned then and put his rifle on the French Government.

SMOKING IN PUBLIC.

Armstrong looked none the less peacefully happy when he found that the man's repellent

The Three Regies Where Imported To is Sold-Profits of the Manufacture Des Tabacs-The Deadly Cigarette Among the French-They Have No Fears of the Paper.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.



Paris, November 12, 1892. OU CANNOT CHOOSE your own cigars in France. The French government is in the tobacco business and over to it. At home it is the custom to cry will not tolerate a rival. Every one smokes the government tobacco, and what marks out the French monopoly from those of other European countries is thisit cannot be evaded. In Spain the government tobacco works at Seville are one of the

sights of the city. The operators are women, barber told of it the next day when he came to the post to shave the officers. He asserted that he tried to slip a razor into Armstrong's hand many of them young and extremely pretty They are gipsies and half gipsies, full of arts and wiles, with the biggest and blackest as he left the gaming table, so that he might not be entirely defenseless, but that Armstrong would not have it. By his fearlessness he eyes and with months like damask roses. Tourists should not miss this glory of Seville. There is compensation for the rankness of Spanish cigarettes; but France makes her cigarettes by machinery. No dimpled Andalusian fingers have patted the self upon me—his present softened manner.

And if there were not tears in his eyes the firelight was very deceptive. Beyond questobacco into shape, and no white gipsy teeth have bitten off the ends. One single contrivance can turn out 18,000 in a day. It cuts paper, rolls cigarettes, closes them at one end and places them in boxes ready to be delivered for consumption. Again, Spain has Cuba, and one may have in the great cities unlimited choice of all the Cuban cigars; while in Madrid hotel waiters are permitted to do a small trade in contraband eastern tobacco. In Vienna and Budapest hotel waiters will sell you the costliest wind -the air like a clear crystal, and the earth unclouded blue. The eastern shepherds might have journeyed to the manger under such a canopy. Then another shape came out from the and joined Armstrong. Together they walked back and forth, talking. And before they sep-arated Armstrong had walked with him to the world, there is the Regie and the Regie only.

The Regie is a government shop for the sale cave in the hillside and gone within—I knew it was to look upon the boy sleeping. Then he came back and slipped under his blanket quietly so as to disturb no one, and I breathed of imported tobacco. It is the only concession made to foreigners and to Frenchmen who do not like the ordinary government products. There are thousands of regular shops in Paris where the state tobacco is sold, but the Regie has only three offices in Paris and one in each of the other large cities of France. Its most frequented Paris output is under the Grand Hotel, on the Boulevard des Capuicines. Here t any hour of the day you may see groups o Englishmen and Americans inside searching fo

THE PARISIAN REGIE.

the nearest substitute for their favorite brand and outside denouncing the French government and its monopoly. The hardship consists quite as much in the loss of time in running to this one shop as in the limited choice of tobacco offered by it to the stranger who is used to other things. The Regie service is far from perfect, although there are more than enough employes to attend to everybody's wants. If it is not the triumph of French bueaucracy it is a good example of it. There i ceiving room of one of the dispensaries in the one government clerk at the cashier's desk. He lower part of the city. He was talking to a only receives money. There are three sales-men who unlock the cigars from their glass cases and conduct you to the bookkeepers; then there are these bookkeepers, three again, who act as checks upon each other. Lastly, there is the clerk who follows you to the cashier and fore each separate sale requires the attention of ix government clerks-one salesman, three bookkeepers, one clerk and one cashier

THE SMALL VARIETY OF BRANDS. The Regie carries in stock a dozen or more brands of Havana cigars and several grades of Spanish cigars-native and Manilla-all of two grades of Turkish pipe and eigarette to-bacco, one of which is very good, but villain-Finally, there are two kinds of American cigarwhich, curiously enough, are smoked

more by Englishmen than by Americans.

The Regie employes hold government positions, they feel that the shop is the property of the state and their movements in attending to customers are formal and without any enthusiasm. They exhibit none of the tact and cheerfulness so noteworthy in Paris shopkeepers. Not very long ago their insolence caused a great cry to go up from Americans and English-men in Paris, letters were written to the Paris Herald and to the Galignani Messenger and the French government's attention was directed to this branch of the service. A complete change was made in the personnel of the shop, so that now its only defect is the lethargy of the salesmen. Such clerks would ruin any private business.

Regie's chief patrons are foreigners and wealthy Frenchmen. Down by the bourse it is patronized by the stock operators and brokers, where strangers seldom come. Here there are only three clerks in all. Over by the chamber of deputies there is the third and last of the Regie outputs in Paris. It is for the benefit of the legislators and the denizens of the Faubourg St. Germain and has three clerks. Thus less than twenty clerks sell all the imported tobacco consumed in a city of 2,500,000 inhabitants and ten could really do it. The French are content with their own tobacco.

my hand there," he added, as he held out the member. It was considerably swoolen. To find the cause of the swelling the doctor began to run his fingers along the injured part, but he THE GOVERNMENT MONOPOLY. Dropping the Regie, we come to the regular operation of the French government monopoly. Its theory is simple, and so long as the natives "Of course it does, but I have to find out what's the matter." endure it foreigners have no standpoint from which to criticise it. The government tells the people that they will not feel this indirect tax much as they would if the money were taken from them in another form. It relieves the rich, who are severely taxed already, and it allows the poor to bear a share in the govern-ment's expenses without hardship and without inconvenience. Simply one branch of trade is stricken off the list of French industries. There "Hold his arm, a couple of you," said the surgeon to the attendants, who had come in, attracted by the noise. The man's arm was held and it was found that the hand had been is no loss to labor, because the tobacco workers must be employed whether by the government or by private business houses and manufactories. Tobacco is no dearer than private enterprise would make it, while the state's profit, drawn from all the smokers of France, is enor-mous. The only objection is that well-to-do

mokers have not the variety of choice enjoyed in other lands. THE MANUFACTURE DES TABACS. From the budget of 1891 it appears that the otal receipts from the three monopolies of matches, tobacco and gunpowder were 430,-000,000 francs, while the expenses of these mo-nopolies were 72,000,000 francs. The profit on tobacco is 300,000,000 francs and on gunpowder manufactures over 12,500,000 pounds of tobacco annually. The ingenieurs aux tabacs, or high officials, are educated at the Polytechnic School and study two years at the Ecole d'Application pour les Tabacs. Yet the cigars and cigarettes they produce, in spite of their learning or because of it, are like no others in the world. They are very strong, all of them, and without aroma. And they bear the same relation to the tobacco produced by private enterprise in other countries that the formal services of government employes bear to the alacrity of pri-1. Heavy Body (the dangerous Texan, to stranger)—"Say, I wanter know what's in that ernment employes bear to the alacrity of pri

> THE ORDINARY TOBACCO SHOP are scattered thickly throughout Paris. They are small affairs, which may be known at night by the red light over their doors. Behind the counter there is generally a woman in charge. She is the state's representative, and, as she is paid a commission on her sales and has no competition in her district, she takes on a high air. She is polite enough to those who know what they want, but she will give no information concerning the quality of her wares and will disdainfully resume her knitting or fancy work until the stranger guesses at what he needs. Each of these tobacco shops has the same grades of cigars, cigarettes and tobaccos and prices are identical throughout all France.
>
> Although you must smoke the government tobacco, there is this consolation—you are never cheated in price or quality. The quality of the tobacco in the government shops is not exthetically high, but the stuff is said to be wholesome. There is no doctoring of it with hemp, opium and valerian. The ordinary French cigar is strong, rough and without bouquet. by the red light over their doors. Behind the

TOBACCO IN PARIS.

chesp tobacco, bought up by its agents in different countries. Of the cigarettes there are about twenty grades, differing in size and quality. Some are with mouthpieces and some are without. Some resemble strong Turkish tobacco and afe given Turkish names, and some are without some are made of Havana, and come in packages which imitate the Cuban brands.

The Duties and Experiences of the which imitate the Cuban brands.

THE FAVORITE CAPOBAL. The favorite pipe and cigarette tobacco called Caporal-not Sweet Caporal, but some thing very different. It is as black as ink and tastes more like our American Perique than any other growth. It is bitter and heavy, yet children smoke it. I have been in a restaurant, seated next to a Parisian with his little son of twelve years. After dinner the boy took a Bussian leather case from his pocket, handed his father a cigarette and lit one himself in the most matter-of-course way. Chewing tobacco is not common; snuff is said to be coming into fashion but one sees year little of it like meny. ashion, but one sees very little of it, like many ashions supposed to originate in Paris. CIGARETTE SMOKING.

One of the most startling sights to the good

American abroad is the universality of the vice

of cigarette smoking. The French are given

against the cigarette—"the meanest and most despicable of stimulants"—according to a late American publication. I was instructing a young Parisian from its pages that "the effect of a cigar is lasting enough to be comparable to that of food. But there is no food effect about a cigarette." He remarked that reasoning of this character must account for the prevalence of alcoholic dynaparages in the United States. of alcoholic drunkenness in the United States People attempt to transform a stimulant into a food by taking it in larger doses. In America the individual cigarette smoker is or used to be a dude. But in Paris the good American can only swell with amazement as he sits in the Cafe de la Paix amid its cigarette smoke. Another evidence of the despicable sensuality of an effete civilization. They drink absinthe, too. And if you don't see them drunk it's be-cause they are too stingy. Look at their men. Therefore, the cigarette is deadly, q. e. d.

IN THE ARMY. So far as the cigarette is concerned it is only necessary to mention two facts. The French army regulations are excessively severe and the greatest care is taken of the men. Recently when foot racing for long distances became the rage it was a favorite pastime of the soldiers. But an order came prohibiting these foot races. It was thought to be injurious if carried to excess. No such order has ever come with regard to cigarette smoking. Scarcely a common soldier is without his cigarettes. Again No such order has ever come with rethe army is very jealous of its conscription, for Egyptian cigarettes at outrageous prices, and in Italian ports one can always have a few cigars have to be rejected. Yet the state for many years has freely sold cigarettes to boys, the French army continues to boast the best marching endurance in Europe. The French have no fear of the cigarette, nor the English, the Spanish, the Italians, the Austrians, Russians, the Germans, the Belgians,

Dutch, nor even the Scandinavians. But over here America is regarded as the country of reforms. Each new movement, from the suppression of the corset to the suppression of the cigarette, is eagerly noted in the Paris journals.

BUT LITTLE PIPE SMOKING.

There is very little pipe smoking in Paris. Your Frenchman will accumulate a magnificent collection of the pipes of all nations, but he will not smoke them overmuch. Nevertheless the pipe shops of the Boulevard contain wonderful treasures of meerschaum, brier, violet wood amber and onys. Several of the largest of them exhibit in special glass cases show pipes of meerschaum elaborately carved and valued as high as 8,000 francs apiece. They are too large for use. Twenty-five dollars is no uncommon price for a plain long stick of amber for cigarettes, and carved French briers, for every-day use, run up to \$50 each. Strangers should be warned, however, against the fraudulent practices in some of the best of these Boulevard shops, where one is charged whatever the dealers think he will pay. For meerschaums the tourist can always do better in Vienna.

ONE EFFECT OF THE FRANCO-BUSSIAN ALLIANCE. Some of the latest and prettiest things for smokers' use have come to Paris in the wake of the Franco-Russian alliance. Several shops have been opened by Moscow houses, where enameled jewelry, cigarette cases, cigar and cigarette holders, match boxes, as well as lac-quered ware and malachite work, are displayed. Spanish cigars—native and Manilla—all of Cigarette and cigar cases and tubes lend them-which are sold at reasonable prices. It has selves particularly well to the brilliant Russian enameling, which keeps closely to good Byzan-tine patterns. Even in workmanship they seem ously high in price. There are three grades of superior to similar decorations as commonly Turkish eigarettes, and one each of Egyptian, found. These manufacturers have their own ferior quality. There are three kinds of light color and contrast. It may be taken, there-Virginia pipe and cigarette tobacco. All three fore, that these products of the alliance have burn the mouth, but are otherwise good.

great deal of watching, as among their really remarkable wares they mingle a great deal of factory-made clap-trap which is dear at any price. Some of the daintiest semi-oriental smokers' conceits are to be seen, rather curiously, at the exposition of women's arts at the Palais d'Industrie. They are exhibits of the government schools of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Remarkable cigar and cigarette holders and cases are shown in plum, pear, ebony and violet wood, incrusted with silver in oriental and Byzantine designs. The Austrian govern-ment is endeavoring to revive these old handi-craft arts of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and they will be seen in variety at the Chicago expo sition.

The antiquity dealers of Paris run rather to The antiquity dealers of Paris run rather to suff boxes than to pipes. These shops are full of snuff boxes in silver, gold, ebony, ivory and suff all the railroad companies ask of them is

with the universal European custom. Men smoke in restaurants, cafes and at most of the hotel tables. Women do not smoke publicly. Whether or not they smoke in private is a matter for each man's experience. I have never seen a French lady smoke. Once, in Dreaden I saw a married lady smoke. Dresden, I saw a married lady puff a cigarette after dinner in a fashionable restaurant; and once I saw two English girls, seemingly of the once I saw two English girls, seemingly of the upper middle class, smoking cigarettes in a railroad carriage, where they were alone. Here my knowledge ends. The demoiselles of the Moulin Rouge and the Casino are not permitted to smoke in those temples of light amusement and the girls of the Boulevard do not smoke in the cafes. At the Cafe Anglais, which is still nearly as chic as ever, smoking is not permitted until after 8 p. m. But rules like these are resented and scarcely ever enforced.

and matches 58,000,000 francs. The Manufacture des Tabacs occupies immense buildings, five stories high, erected for the purpose in 1827. They are situated on the Seine, to the east of the Esplanade des Invalides, on the with in connection with the boom is the Quai d'Orsay. It employs 2,200 persons and fact that the new Eldorado lies within the manufactures over 12,500,000 pounds of tobacco forbidden territory belonging to the Kinwa and fixed bayonets.



The Duties and Experiences of the Depot Master Graphically Told.

ALWAYS ON THE JUMP.

Handling Crowds and Notables With a Strong Will and a Steady Hand-All Sorts and Conditions of People Who, While Traveling, Are Hard to Please.



depot master is the best known railroader that the traveling public has dealings with. He it is that supervises the arrangements for trains in the depot and also sees that they depart on time. He is here, there and everywhere at the same time. Now in his office looking over the

makeup of the many different train crews, then listening to complaints or replying to a series of vexatious questions, then out and down the platform he goes on the jump as his trained eye tells him that a scheduled train appears to be slowly making up and may perhaps be delayed, and then to the yard to ascertain why a special train that has been ordered is not shifted to-None of them are as big as Sullivan or Corbett. gether so as to leave promptly at the time speci-

He has supervision over not only the depot building and immediate grounds, but is supposed to know everything about the vario artments and what goes on in them. Besides ooking after the trains as they depart or arrive ne must listen to long complaints from and deal out information to travelers regarding their baggage, their tickets, where they want to go nd what particular car will take them there. The baggage men, gatemen, platform men, train inspectors, in fact, everybody, reports to and NOTABLE PASSENGERS HANDLED

"Haven't you handled many notable personages?" was one of the questions asked a local depot master by an Evening Stan reporter one day recently.
"Oh, yes," he replied. "This city is the

greatest in the United States for that. They can be said to come here almost in droves. You know our President, his cabinet and representatives of the people up at the Capitol are common every-day affairs, but lords, dukes and counts, while not seen so frequently, alight from the cars in my depot almost weekly. They attract but little notice, and but for their numerous servants would be taken for ordinary travelers. I never have had much to do with the latter class. They get on and off the cars and go about their business like any other people."

The position of depot master is one of the

prominent and responsible offices connected with railroad management that is not much sought after by those to whom the post is available. The place carries considerable honor with it, but the responsibility and consequent worry overcomes the desire to appear conspicnous at the sacrifice of a hard-earned record and a not corresponding increase on the pay roll. The position has been looked upon by he conductors as one that belongs to them through promotion, but when the time comes for them to desert the moving trains that have been their stamping ground for many years several are known to have refused the profered advancement on account of settling down to a tationary routine avocation. Then, again, the temperament of the man selected for promotion must be considered, as patience will be found to be a virtue in the new role, and, in fact, a surly person would not last out a month. While the position pays a little more than that of the passenger conductor, the running of extra trains advances the conductor's salary, while the D. M. at that time will be working his

hardest and solely for glory.

During the ordinary business the role of depot master does not appear to be a trying one, but what it lacks in life and bustle is made up in being absolutely correct and on time. Regular tracks running into the depot of which he occurs it calls for a complete readjustment of the tracks and consequent or-ders to that effect to the different switchmen. For instance, take the busy hours of the aftercome to stay—none the less because their prices are outrageously high.

THERE ABE TWO OTHER SPECIES OF DEALESS in smokers' materials in Paris—the Turkish, Persian and other oriental bazaara of the Rue de Rivoli and the regular antiquity shops of the Rivoli and the regular antiquity shops of the Rue Lafayette and tho Rue Lafayette and the Rue Lafayette and tho Rue Lafayette and the Rue Lafayette and tho Rue Lafayette and tho Rue Lafayette and tho Rue Lafayette and the Rue Lafayett to be an insurmountable obstacle gradually dwindles down to an easy problem, at least it will appear so to the novice in railroading, but in less experienced hands would have caused considerable delay. HARD AND CONSTANT WORK.

The retelling of the experiences of the traveling public around the depots in Washington during a presidential inauguration would be an old story, but bad as those experiences are they would be ten fold worse were it not for the cool guiding hand of the master in charge. It is at such times that his worth and usefulness are gauged at their real worth. Their working hours are generally twelve, from 7 to 7 or 6 till 6, and to say that their breath is hardly their own during these hours at such times is only a

of suuff boxes in silver, gold, ebony, ivory and onyx, with ministures on their lids which give them their chief value. On the Rue Laffitte you can pick up by the half dozen boxes with miniatures attributed to Boucher and other joyous painters of the dissolute Louis Quinze period. The balance of their stock in trade, interesting to smokers, consists in German pipes, Dresden and Nuremberg work of two centuries ago, and French pipes, frequently metal, of the Napoleonic era.

TOBACCO IN PUBLIC.

With regard to etiquette in the use of tobacco in public places there is not much to say—smoke is as free as air. This is in accordance with the universal European custom. Men smoke in restaurants, cafes and at most of the hotel tables. Women do not smoke publicly, Whether or not they smoke in private is a matter for each man's experience. I have agver seen a French lady smoke. Once, in of duty is, he will hear of it, and a satisfactory explanation is always expected and generally

For the study of the large varieties of human For the study of the large varieties of human nature his position divides honors with that of the ticket seller. He has dealings with the Polish miner on his way, with his family, to the mines of Georgia or Virginia; the troublesome countryman who has come to Washington sober as a judge and is drifting homeward in a troublesome state of intoxication; the commutor who has lost his ticket and wants to be carried to his destination free, and the woman mutor who has lost his theaet and wants to be carried to his destination free, and the woman with a child who is going west or south to join her husband and inquires every few minutes when her train will start. This list could be stretched out to a prodigious length, but these casily illustrate the wide range of characters he has to deal with.

"What class of presengers give you the most "What class of passengers give you the most trouble?" was asked by the reporter.

WHO GIVE THE MOST TROUBLE.

pited. "They appear selfish and domineering to every one they come in contact with, but I suppose this can be accounted for from the constant travel from city to city and the absence of the dear ones they love. Nothing is good enough for them. I have given them a brandnew car, just out of the shops, clean as a pin and comforting to look at, and then they would set up a howl about its newness and the smell of, varnish. Then, again, when an old parlor car had been shifted into their train, and, after complaining, I would offer to take it out and put in a better one, they would kick because a little time would be lost in the movement. Why, I have even had one of the lady members of a big New York company, that had chartered a special train, come to me in a great rage and complain because the inside plating of one of the cars was nickel instead of gold and didn't suit her complexion. What do you think of that?

from the superintendent urging all hands to hustle trains so as to be on time, which demonstrates that they have also complained at hoad-quarters.

across a parallel case wherein the cup of joy was dashed from a woman's lips with such terrible suddenness and despairing results. Here was a woman and happy children just landed in

"The commercial traveler is also a great a strange country expecting many years of hap-piness and comfort, but instead a horrifying kicker, but he does it principally to attract at-tention and draw people around him, so that they may see that he handles a certain line of collapse of these hopes was the rude awaker from their pleasant dream." they may see that he handles a certain line of goods which are the finest in the world.

"One of the pleasures of my office is the returning of lost articles to their owners. Our force around the depot is exceptionally honest, when their circumstances are considered, and it is rare, indeed, that an article left in the cars

ALMOST ANGELS.

persons they come in contact with."
"Well, I'd rather not," he replied in a quiet

manner. "I've got here the same as many good men before me, and by attending to my busi-ness I hope to retain my berth."

You see all sorts of people, and they must fur-

A characteristic railroader's reply, surely.

ently and at close intervals.

A SAD, SAD STORY.

Polly and Peggy Tell of the Ways by Which They Prospered the New York Sun. by a negligent traveler does not find its way to my office if it has escaped the eyes of a dis-"Well, how are you and Polly getting on these days?" inquired the clerk, measuring off a dozen honest co-traveler in the same car. I have re-turned pocket books to poor people that were vards of ribbon for a rosy cheeked girl leaning manifestly deeply embarrassed over their loss, against the counter, and the pleasure of their glad looks would re-"Doing," replied the shopper, "why Polly pay any one with an honest heart and a clear conscience. I have never yet come across the and I are simply booming, that's all. We are wealthy man who had lost valuable papers or just back from a round up through the money who has not been profuse in his thanks and rewarded the finder in the most liberal manner. They no doubt know the value of "No" exclaimed her friend leaning over to

money, but have also the good, common sense to appreciate honesty at its full worth." fill out a check. "It's a fact," said the girl, gathering up her parcels. "The story is too long to tell here and

These autocrats of the depot come about as I am in shurry, but if you come up to our near to being angels as a man can be that is rooms tonight you shall hear all about it, and employed around railroads. Always calm and serene, their spirits always rule the scene, no yourself maybe get some ideas about going into business matter how great the noise or confusion may be. Even when the turmoil is so great that That evening, under the glow of two power-

be. Even when the turmoil is so great that you can hardly hear yourself think ask what the news is and his answer nine times out of ten will be: "Everything is quiet." This is the tory of their success.

"You see," Polly began, "when papa died are discovered his life insurance had run

result of having grown up with the roar and becoming accustomed to it.

It is a very close guess to make to pick these men out as practical railroaders who have served their apprenticeship in the freight train service, first as a brakeman and then came grad-taste in trimming my own hats did I happen to ually up through the higher positions of the passenger service to that of the master of the "Now, don't you fool yourself with the

passenger service to that of the master of the men and trains around the depot.

"Tell me something about your past life and public," her sister interrupted, doesn't."

"Rolly continued." lief that any amateur work goes down with the how you came to be selected for this position," the reporter said to one of these gentlemen one day recently. "You are a public character, and the reading people always like to hear of "Of course not," Polly continued. "But our

first move was to get into a fashionable millinery establishment as apprentices. For two years we studied the trade, worked for next to nothing, and figured continually on some way of bettering our condition. I seemed to be pretty clever at thinking up new ideas, and, just to be friendly, trimmed hats for every A characteristic railroader's reply, surely. woman in our boarding house. "How about your experience with travelers? brought them to us from outside woman in Jersey saw what I could do and wrot nish incidents that are out of the usual run of things, and consequently interesting." persisted the reporter.

"To that question I will reply yes," said the autocrat of the depot. "I suppose that on an average of once a week something transpires around this depot that is as full of news as an egg is of meat and would read well in print egg is of meat and would read well in print. nish incidents that are out of the usual run of offering to pay me for

egg is of meat and would read well in print.
"About the most impressive incident that has "It was pretty checky," Polly replied, "and come under my observation for years occurred right outside my window, over there near the entrance gate to the platform, about six months of a room on 42d street. We were to have it free

entrance gate to the platform, about six months of a room on \$2d street. We were to have it free or so ago. Your paper had a small paragraph about it, but the details were lacking owing, no doubt, to the fact that no one took the trouble to tell them to one of your men. I have witched on them personally, and were weeks nessed some touching scenes in my time, but getting ready for our opening. That function this incident comes back to my mind persisttea for all those good enough to come. Peggy and I were our best frocks, were hospitable as "On the morning in question I noticed a help advertise us." we knew how to be and begged our guests to "And they did it nobly," Peggy struck in man about thirty years of age, apparently in

the best of health, walking up and down outside my window and frequently glancing up at the big clock. Prom his appearance I concluded that he was of foreign birth, and subsequent developments confirmed my surmise. He was evidently awaiting the arrival of some one on the train then due, but which was half an hour that the was confirmed my surmise. He was evidently awaiting the arrival of some one on the train then due, but which was half an hour trifles, but they seemed to please the people we catered for, so that day by day our orders late. He accosted the depot officers about every ten minutes as to the arrival of the "Then we conceived the idea of going cut as

"Then we conceived the day," said Polly, re-seamstresses do by the day," said Polly, re-suming her narrative, "only we trimmed hata, "Finally the train came puffing into the lower end of the shed, and the man glued his and in time that led up to regular season visits face and body to the iron fence near the outlet to the little towns about New York. This auface and body to the iron fence near the outlet gaie. All was confusion and bustle, and as it was a heavy train many passengers came trooping down the platform. All of a sudden I noticed the man's face light up with a glad look, and following his glance I discovered that it alighted on the face of a pretty woman of about twenty-five years, and then to three happy, healthy-looking children at her side. They were poorly dressed as to quality, but were amply protected from the frosty air.

"Soon the recognition was mutual and glad cries came from the mother and little ones and were answered back by the happy father. The were answered back by the happy father. The next moment the husband and wife were in each other's arms, and the greeting was so earnest and endearing that many of the bystanders suppressed the smile that was creeping over their faces and looks of symmethy took its place. The e. The couple at last finally disentangled their arms from around each other and the father bent down to kiss the eldest child, a sweet-faced little

"Not a cry came from the mother and little ones until the wife, bending over her husband and had placed her hand to his heart, found it silent in death. May I never again hear the wall of despair that came from the woman's lips and the pitiful cries that followed from the children.

from the task.
"She spoke a broken French and was hardly intelligible, but was evidently well educated.

Her voice was clear and sweet; that the broken think that the sensibilities of such old people.

were nearly due to arrive, "I have never come | tion in the human family.

wail of despair that came from the woman's lips and the pitiful cries that followed from the children.

"A doctor happened near by, and after a hasty examination pronounced it a case of heart failure, brought on by excitement.

"I took the woman into my office to question about her relatives, but the terrible despair that was pictured in her face almost made me shrink from the task.

The Protection of Aged Parents.

From the Beston Transcript.

There is no more pathetic object in life than an old, dependent person, whose life work is finally to the primary of the grim that the protection of Aged Parents.

The Protection of Aged Parents. messenger, whose certain call is constantly espected by them. Some people seem to

intelligible, but was evidently well educated. Her voice was clear and sweet; that the broken sobs and gasps could not mar. The children clumb between think that the sensibilities of such old people to her skirts and the chair she was sitting on, the eldest one meaning piteously, but the others, too young to realize the situation, were looking at me in open-eyed wonder.

"From her story I learned that she was from a large town named Chalons, some distance out of Paris: that her husband was a stone cutter and had come to this country six months previous and secured work and had sent money regularly to her to support the family. Finally, both by stinting themselves had managed to called the children to America. The woman had no relatives nor knew no one in this country.

"Her story affected me so that I believe if I hadn't had a wife and family at home to look after I'd made her marry me there and then. I comprised on taking up a collection among the railroad men around the depot, which, together with her husband's effects, netted enough to pay her passage over the ocean and car fare on the other side to her home. I also secured her free transportation to New York.

"In all my years' experience as a railroader," said the depot master, concluding his story and putting on his overcoat, as the clock above his head warned him that several trains were nearly due to arrive, "I have never come

